

IT IS TOO LAUGH

Reginald's Salary.
"And what salary do you draw now, Reginald?"
"Five hundred per—"
"Per what—year or month?"
"Per-haps."

That Settled Him.
He (in an argument) — Well, thank goodness, I am not two faced.
She—You ought to be thankful. One face is like yours is enough.

HOW WILLIE COOLED HIS UNCLE OFF.



Uncle John: "Here, Willie! I feel like taking a nap for an hour or so. Use your straw hat to keep off the flies, and at the same time it will cool me off."

A GOOD GUESS.



"Yes, the teller embezzled \$20,000."
"I suppose there was a woman in the case?"
"Yes; the teller was a woman."

AS USUAL.



First Sportsman—Look here, old boy, that fish basket is ten times too big. We shall never manage to fill it.
Second Sportsman—That is to carry the bottles in. I have the fish basket in my pocket.

A RELIEF TO HER.



Borem: "Shall we talk or dance?"
Eleanor: "I'm so tired. Let's dance."

ALGY WAS VERY MUCH PUT OUT.



THE DEAR GIRLS.



Estelle—Oh, but, dear, he is so old! Why, he's old enough to be my father.
Minette—I shouldn't credit it, darling. Why, he doesn't look a day over sixty-five.



Willie: "An hour! I won't last that long. The gardener is about to turn on the hose. This is a lead pipe cinch."

CAN YOU BLAME THEM?



"This leap year proposal business is all rot. I know lots of girls, but they ain't one of 'em proposed to me."



"Hey, uncle? And the flies are all gone—"

OF COURSE.



Helen—If we were to meet a ferocious bull, dear, what would you do?
Percy—What a question to ask! Don't you know I was champion long distance runner at school?

GREAT SCOTT!



"—and I am sure you are cooler!"

LITTLE CHICKABOO WUN LUNG AND THE PIGTAIL.



NOT WORTH IT.



"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Belle."
"They are not worth it."
"What were you thinking of?"
"You."

IN A BAD BOX.
The pitcher fled him to and fro, From bedroom into hall, But the infant yelled where'er he'd go 'Cause he couldn't control the hawl.

SHE KNEW.



"I broke mamma's hand mirror yesterday."
"Oh, that's such bad luck!"
"I know it. I got an awful whipping for it."

A COMMON EXPRESSION.



"He got his eyes from his father."

HIS HARD FATE.



"Yes'm, I was drove away from home when a mere child by the heartless cruelty of me stepmother."
"Poor fellow! What did she do?"
"She insisted on givin' me a bath every Saturday night."

GENTLE SARCASTIC.



Mr. Grouty: "The trouble with me is that I am a bit hasty in my speech. I should weigh my words."
Mrs. Grouty: "Yes, do, and don't give such generous measure."